

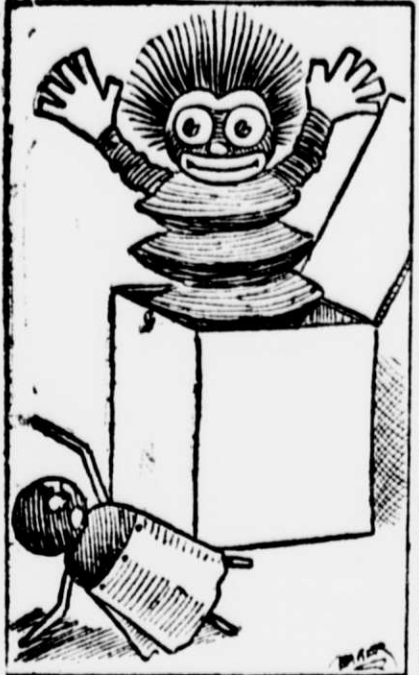
BOYS' AND GIRLS' PAGE

THE HORSE CHESTNUT MAN

AND THE HORSE CHESTNUT WOMAN

PART IV.

The horse chestnut man had climbed to the top of the little house that he and the horse chestnut woman had come across in their attempt to find the way to the open air and there back to their tree. He was looking around when the woman attempted to climb up beside him. She had reached up, grasping an iron catch near the roof, when suddenly a terrible shock sent her sprawling to the floor.



Collecting her dazed senses and struggling to a sitting position as well as she could with her toothpick legs hampered by the stiff paper dress, she received another shock from the apparition that confronted her.

The roof of the little house had sprung open, and there in place of the man who had shared her struggles was a horrible ogre, leering at her with terrifying eyes, with arms outstretched as if to seize her.

She was so frightened that she would have fainted, only horse chestnut people never faint. Scrambling to her feet, she fled as rapidly as her little legs would take her. She tripped in cracks in the floor and fell again and again, but terror lent strength to the toothpicks, and soon she was out of sight of the ogre.

She stopped at last in the shelter of a dark roof and stood by the side of a square tree that shot high up into the dark roof. She noticed curiously that the tree did not touch the floor and wondered at the peculiar looking roots.

There were three of them that she could see—three round, shiny, metallic looking roots. The tree itself was polished too, and she thought what peculiar bark it



Suddenly a burst of sweet melody came to her ears, and a big, heavy foot in a leather shoe was thrust suddenly on one of the roots. The harmonious vibrations of sound calmed her fears, and she sat down at the base of the tree, forgetting all about the man who had disappeared when the roof of the house had opened, forgetting her desires to find the chestnut tree. She felt that she could sit under this curious tree forever listening to that music.

But while the woman was enjoying herself where was the horse chestnut man? Surely bruised, he found himself lying on the floor far away from the house.

He regained his feet, but to his great surprise immediately fell down again.

"That's funny," he said to himself. "I don't feel hurt anywhere, but of course nothing could hurt a horse chestnut. I'll try again and see if I can't stand up. I'll be in a fine fix if I can't walk."



He rose again and again, fell down, and then he noticed a toothpick lying on the floor beside him. Now toothpick men cannot stand on two legs like humans, but need three. This was his standing leg that had been knocked from him by the shock of his fall.

"I must get out of here and find the woman," he said. "So I'll have to use that toothpick as a cane until I get out to the tree. Then I'll throw away all the toothpicks."

So standing himself with his improvised cane he hobbled off, guessing at the direction and hoping for better luck in the future.

NONSENSE RHYMES.

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THE SHORE
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Here is the correct reading of the nonsense rhyme printed last week, the words that were indicated by a device of any kind being in brackets.

[To] the child that was lying [in bed].
[All] the things [in] his room were [red].
When [the sun] sank a [bit] farther [down].
All [the walls] of the room turned [to] [brown].
So [the colors] were just [in] his [head].

The only thing that would have given any trouble in the reading of this rhyme was the signs for the colors red and brown; but it so happened that the printer put a little explanation of the signs used for colors in the next column, so that one could not help seeing it.

Those who sent in answers were: Theodore Baumeister, Dorothy E. Odell, Helen L. Spelman, Alice Babcock, Dana Sabine, Sherman Shipman, Lois Preston, Genevieve Devine, E. Roberta Bridgman, Helen R. Silvers, Frank H. Silvers, Charles Haines, Jr., Elizabeth Clarke, Hollis Burton, Ernest J. Eastridge, Elizabeth Williams, Margaret D. Cobb, Alice Tompkins, Dorothy Kingsbury, Emma Root, Deacon, Ethel Hart, George B. Parker, Walter C. Bergland, Jessie M. Jordan, Charles T. Emmett and Dorothy Jones.

After this week all the names of those answering the puzzles correctly will be put together in one place, no matter which puzzle it may be.

The fault of those who fail to read these nonsense rhymes correctly is always the same. They do not get enough syllables to the line to fill out the metre. The right way is to get one line, no matter which, that you are sure is correct, and to make dots or dashes on a slip of paper for each syllable, noting where the accents fall.

Then there must be exactly the same number of syllables on every other line, and the accents must fall in exactly the same places in each line. As long as you cannot make your reading fit, it cannot be correct.

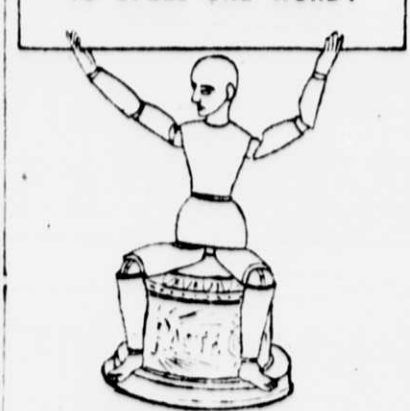
PATSEY'S PUZZLES.

Patsey was a good natured young Irishman who did odd jobs around artists' studios, cleaning up in the morning and occasionally posing as a model in the afternoon. As he had a good deal of spare time on his hands Patsey used to spend it with the idlers about the studios, many of whom were artists themselves with telling stories, asking conundrums and propounding puzzles.

One of the richer artists for whom Patsey cleaned up was named Pantoor. He had travelled a great deal and had the reputation of being very well informed, so when Patsey overheard a puzzle that none of the idlers could solve he used to leave it on Mr. Pantoor's desk in the morning, and when he went back to pose in the afternoon Mr. Pantoor usually had the answer for him, so that Patsey soon got a reputation for being a very smart Irish lad.

One morning Mr. Pantoor sat down at his desk to open his mail, when he observed one of his little wooden models that are called manikins perched on the lid of his pastepot holding a card above his head like this:

THESE SEVEN LETTERS
SPELL TWO WORDS;
"NEW DOOR"
ARRANGE THEM
TO SPELL ONE WORD.



After looking at it for awhile and forgetting all about his letters the solution was found, so he wrote it on the back of the card and handed it to Patsey with a smile that afternoon.

What did he write?

BETSEY'S SQUIRRELS.

It was a very cold day and the snow on the ground was almost as hard and smooth as ice. Betsey's nurse took her to the park on her sled, all warmly wrapped up in fur robes.

Inside her muff Betsey had a piece of bread and a bag of peanuts for her little squirrel friends, but the day was so cold that the nurse didn't want the little girl to leave her warm sled and go tramping over the snow to their tree house.



Just as they were near the bench where Silverskin usually appeared, and while Betsey was rather cross to think she must pass by without calling on the three brothers, Prim, who was sitting up with her in the sled, suddenly looked over toward Silverskin's home, and cried: "Goodness, Betsey! Something's the matter over there. Look at Nimblefoot and Silverskin! It seems as if they were trying to tear down the whole tree."

Sure enough, there were the two squirrels jumping frantically from branch to branch and breaking just as many twigs as they could.

At first Betsey thought that maybe the tree had caught fire, because she could see a little thread of smoke coming from the window where Nimblefoot's room was, but as the smoke didn't increase and there was no flame, and moreover, as the two squirrels kept carrying twigs into the house, she decided she must have been mistaken.

"What can be the matter?" she asked. "I've no idea," replied Prim, "but it certainly looks as if our friends were in trouble, so I think you ought to beg Nurse to let us go over and see what it is."

After a good deal of coaxing on Betsey's part the nurse finally consented to let them go, provided they didn't stay very long.

"My, but I'm glad you came!" gasped Silverskin when he saw them.

"What's the matter?" demanded Betsey and Prim together.



"Why, it's about a poor little squirrel who used to live near us. You see, in this cold weather very few children come to the park to feed us, and unless we have laid in a good supply of food we are likely to go hungry."

"Well, this is the fellow, whose name is Trustful, has been without food for several days. Then, besides, his house was chopped down some days ago, so he has been very badly off, and we found him to-day in the snow half starved and freezing."

"We have been making a fire in the little fireplace you gave Nimblefoot, but these little twigs burn up so quickly that we can't collect them fast enough."

"Well, well," said Betsey, who had been thinking very hard all this time, "could you bring him out to me? I think I can warm him."

Silverskin was delighted and he and Nimblefoot between them carried out the little squirrel. Betsey lifted him gently and tucked him away inside her muff. As it was large enough for her hand too she rubbed him softly until he was quite warm again and waved his tail faintly to show that he understood.



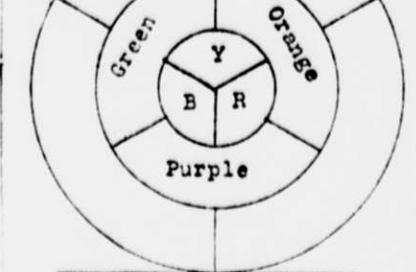
Then Betsey gave him some peanuts and bread crumbs, and promising not to forget her little friend on other cold days she left the bag and crumbs with him and hurried back to her nurse.

Overhead Wires and Lightning Damages.
From the Scientific American.
A careful analysis of Prussian lightning statistics by K. Langbeek shows that damage due to lightning has markedly decreased in the cities in recent years. This decrease is attributed to the great extension of overhead telephone wires, and it is anticipated that the recent general change to underground conduits will lead to an increase in lightning damage.

KATIE'S COLOR BOX.

By the time that Uncle Ben got round to Katie once more she had made a number of geometrical figures after the pattern he had shown her and had colored them faithfully according to his instructions. The result was that she was getting to know just what each of the colors in her paint box would do.

"Now let us have a look at one of these," suggested Uncle Ben, "and we will just write on a blank one the names of the colors you have made, this way."



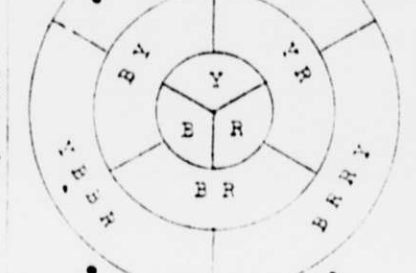
"The first thing I want you to notice," he began, "is that the colors in the second or middle circle are produced by the combination of the two colors that lie next to them in the inner circle. The part just outside the line between yellow and red is orange, for instance."

"I get that color by going over that part with both yellow and red," explained Katie.

"Quite right," agreed Uncle Ben. "And you need the same amount of each. But now if you were to carry that a little further and put a wash of orange and red on the top of it a wash of purple in the outermost circle of all what color would you have?"

"Oh, my!" exclaimed Katie. "I cannot imagine. It would be just mud, I guess."

"Let us write on these circles the proportions of the primary colors that you have in each. I will show you how to make a pencil sketch like this:

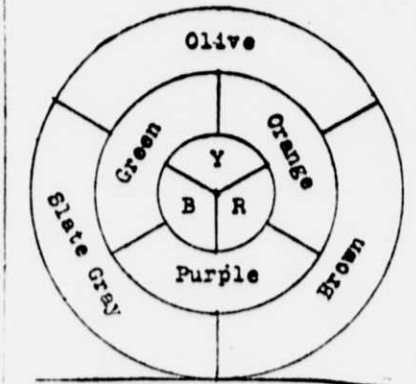


Then, as explained, that the single letters in the inner or primary circle mean only one wash of yellow or red or blue. In the next or second circle there were two colors used, but only one wash of each.

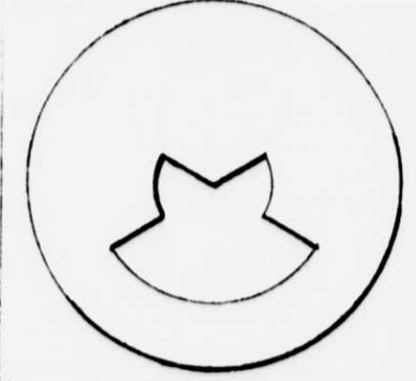
In the outside circle if we put a wash of orange first we have used one wash of yellow and one of red. Then if we put a wash of purple over that we have used a wash of blue and another one of red, so that we have twice as much red as we have of blue or yellow. This gives us brown.

Now if we go to the next one and mix purple and green we shall have twice as much blue as we have of red or yellow. This gives us slate gray.

If we fill in the last part of the outer circle with a blend of green and orange we shall have twice as much yellow as we have of red or blue. This gives us olive.



Uncle Ben then took out of his pocket three sheets of very thin paper, one red, one blue and one yellow. After he had made a pattern like this with a funny shaped hole in it:



he cut out a piece of each color just that shape and when he laid them one on the top of the other so that the three showed separately in the smaller innermost circle he held them up to the light so that Katie might see how the colors blended to form the secondary and what are called the tertiary colors.

"That looks brighter than my colors," remarked Katie.

"Because you are looking at the light through the colors and not at a piece of paper," explained Uncle Ben. "But now you have enough to practice on for a week. The next thing is to learn what colors go together to get effects."

Women Save Burning Church.
Albion correspondence Philadelphia Press.
Instead of fainting members of the Ladies Aid Society, led by Mrs. Martin P. Brumbaugh, organized a bucket brigade and saved the church of the Brethren at Dunata from being destroyed to-day when the floor was set on fire by the heater.

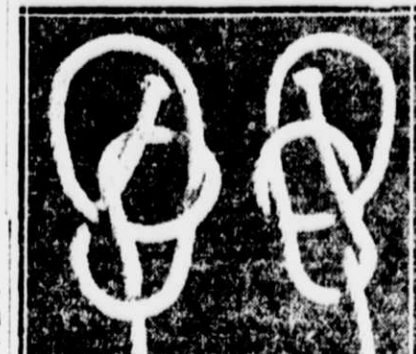
Despite the smoke and flames they held the blaze in check and kept down the loss until the firemen arrived.

JIMMY MARLIN.

The next rainy day that Squeak stepped in to see Jimmy he had nothing with him but a piece of clothesline and a little pasteboard box.

"How about that bowline that amateurs are never sure of getting right?" demanded Jimmy as soon as they had said good morning.

"Oh, I didn't forget it!" remarked Squeak with a laugh. "I brought along four little ones all ready made, just for models to show you what the bowline looks like before it is hoisted taut," and Squeak opened the little pasteboard box, showing Jimmy these two first:



"That," he remarked, "is the bowline you find in the books. But I never found any bow that could understand the directions they print along with it, and never saw any one that could be hoisted right unless all the steps in the process were shown to him. Whatever else you may try to do on a boat," he added, shaking his finger at Jimmy, "never try to tie a bowline unless you are sure of it, or you will get the laugh."

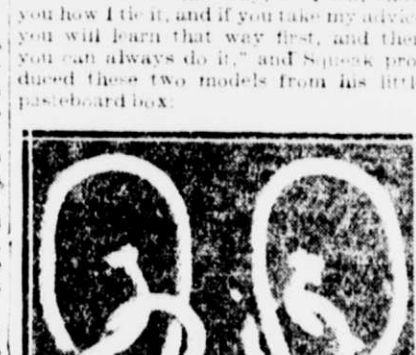
"But these two models are not the same," remarked Jimmy, regarding the two knots critically.

"Oh, yes they are!" corrected Squeak. "The only difference is that you are looking at different sides of the same knot. You will have to learn four ways of tying a bowline to start with, and there are others."

"And won't they be all the same when they are done?" asked Jimmy, opening his eyes.

"Not quite. You must learn to tie it right or left and with the end going over the standing part first, or under it first. Some sailors throw the loop one way and some throw it another."

"These two models were made by putting the end over the standing part and then turning the whole thing over so that the knot forms a loop with the end through. That takes practice, and you'll never know how it goes at first. I could never learn the knot that way, so I wish you would show me how to tie it, and then you can always do it," and Squeak produced these two models from his little pasteboard box:



"I don't see any difference," remarked Jimmy.

"You will when I show you how to tie them," answered Squeak. "It is the same knot looked at from different sides, but it is not tied like the first two I showed you." And Squeak reached for his clothesline.

"Take the standing part in your left hand," he began, "and pass the end over it and from you, like the hands of a clock. Always remember that, because if you don't start right you will get mixed up."

AUNT MARY'S ANAGRAMS.

My, but Aunt Mary did enjoy herself sitting by the fire out of the cold and snow and laughing at some of the funny sentences the children made out of the words she gave them last week! One little girl made a beautiful anagram, but when Aunt Mary counted it up she was sorry to find that two of the words had not been used at all. Perhaps it was too hard to find a place for them.

Here is the original form of the sentence.

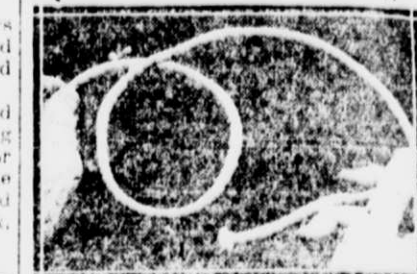
WHILE A HOLE DUG
IN A WALL HID THE
BOY A ROUGH MAN
GOT HIS OVER COAT
AND SOME MONEY

In picking out the anagrams she likes best Aunt Mary puts smoothness of reading first, then the greatest changes in the position of words, and if possible changes in their meaning. Here is one of those that she likes best this time:

A MAN IN A ROUGH
COAT GOT OVER THE
WALL WHILE HIS BOY
DUG A HOLE AND HID
SOME MONEY

Those who made good anagrams

learn one way first and never change it until you have it so that you can do it in the dark.



"I always remember that the end goes over, with a big O," continued Squeak, "because then it is O.K."

"The next thing is to form the light that is to go round the post by holding the little loop firmly with the finger and thumb of your left hand and never let loose on that loop until you have finished the knot. As you started by putting the end over the standing part, you bring it round and put it under and then the loop is ready."



"Some old over and under and through," observed Jimmy.

"Right you are," agreed Squeak. "Now let us go with your right hand and take a fresh grip to the left. As you want one of the last part of the loop you must guide the standing part this way."



"Now you were round the standing part and over it."

"Some old under and over and through, again, eh?" was Jimmy's comment.

"Not so fast this time," corrected Squeak. "You pass over both the standing part and the loop now, so as to pass out of the loop at the other side in the same way that you entered it first, from the light, like this:



"Now all you have to do is to throw the light over a post and hand her tail."

"And that's the knot you said would never jam," said Jimmy.

"I never jam, so you can't undo it," Squeak told him, "because the standing part holds the loop both over and when you want to get it loose you just lead the standing part and then the loop comes up, just like the tail knot."

"I'll have to knot down time by time, time you see me," remarked Jimmy.

"Better learn these models by you, answered Squeak with a laugh. "You are sure to be smart at first."

using all the words without any mistakes in grammar, were:

Dana Sabine, Dixie Kent, Sherman Shipman, Catherine Devine, E. Roberta Bridgman, Lois Preston, Frank M. Carr, Helen R. Silvers, Frank H. Silvers, Charles Haines, Jr., John Gordon, Reed, Mary Catherine Walker, Russell Root, Hollis Burton, Ernest J. Eastridge, Elizabeth Williams, Margaret D. Cobb, Alice Tompkins, Emma Root, Deacon, Ethel Hart, George B. Parker, Walter C. Bergland, Jessie M. Jordan and Charles T. Emmett.

After this week the names of those sending answers to any of the puzzles will be put together in one place, no matter what the puzzle may be.

Here is another one, that Albert and Edith had a lot of fun with, because after they had made an anagram of it they found that they could shift a part of the sentence into another place and make a new one:

THE ONLY FAIR
CHANCE FOR THE MAN
TO GET AT THE WATCH
WAS TO SAW HIS WAY
THROUGH THE DOOR

Out these words apart on the floor and then try to arrange them in any way that they shall make a completely different sentence, but be sure that you use up the whole twenty words and do not borrow any.

When it is done sign your name to it and send it to the Boys' and Girls' Page before Friday, because if it does not get to the office of THE SUN by that mail on Friday morning it will be too late for Aunt Mary to put your name in the paper next Sunday.

$\times 2 + 5 \times 5$
ADD 2
CARD

If the cards were the seven and ten, for instance, and the seven was selected, the person got: $7 \times 2 + 10 \times 5 = 56$, plus the other card, 10, = 66. When they told Teddy the result after they had put the two cards back in the pack he deducted 25 from it and got 41, which told him that the first card and the one selected was a 7, and as there are no zero cards the other must have been a ten.

Now some smart boy or girl can try to make this trick work when the jacks are left in and counted 11 each, the queens 12 and the kings 13, just as they are in royal casino.

"Well," says Teddy, "I promised to tell you a story with a puzzle in it, so here goes."

"There once was a man who did not believe in banks, but thought it better always to have something that he could raise the cash on any time, even if he had to go to a pawnshop, so he saved up his ready money until he had \$100 and then he would buy a diamond.

"When he had five of these he would look for a good chance to trade them off for one stone that was worth \$500, and he used to boast that he made more of a way than he could have got out of a savings bank at interest. He always carried these diamonds round his waist in a belt.

"Now this man had three sons, Alfred, Benny and Charles, their ages being in